A WORLD-WIDE REPUBLIC of WOMEN

Practically That Is What the Spread of Suffrage Is Bringing About, As Will Be Appreciated From Its Sensational Progress

SUPPOSE the imagination, assuming prophetic powers, were to leap at once to the ultimate outcome of the world-wide movement for woman suffrage. Could it picture anything less than some world-wide republic of women, organized to maintain their balance of power, even if they should not, by mere numbers, dominate the franchise of all mankind and form the world government that has been the dream of Utopians in the past?

Apart from England, where militant suffragism has apparently made deliberate choice of the toils of Sisyphus, rolling on high the stone of opposition, to let it drop back bruisingly, the progress of woman toward the franchise has made sensational advances. Nations of which one reads all too little in the news of the day have granted woman unprecedented political rights after campaigns of education and appeal that have been all too little reported.

Lands near and far—and none more impressively than our own—have acquiesced in woman's claim for political recognition after disputes which, amid the clamor and rush of the world movement, have been all but overlooked.

It is only in a complete review that the realization is felt of the sensational progress now being made. The world-wide republic of women begins to look like some wondrous possibility after all.

Miss Muriel Matters, One of the Most Prominent Suffragists of Australia

WHY NOT? If the civilized—and even the uncivilized—nations keep on signifying their willingness to let women have full voice in government affairs, and if those who exercise their franchise in the future find the same wisdom to guide them that inspires those now casting their ballots, why should there be any quarrel with any government, great or small, petty or universal, in which woman's opinions shall happen to determine the final verdicts on important questions?

The leaders of the suffrage movement, uncompromising in their insistence on that one, major issue, agree that, once the ballot is granted and the issue past, their followers will gravitate to the various parties already in political existence and vote according to individual preference and judgment, as their brothers, fathers and husbands have done since the ballot first existed. They look for no distinct "Woman's Party" as opposed to the men and the interests of the men; and the experience of the suffrage states in this country, where the experiments in popular government have been threshed out for a century, has proved the expectation largely justified.

One line of demarcation only has appeared: Wherever elections have turned on questions affecting honesty of administration, sobriety and morality in a community, the woman vote could be relied upon to go in large majority for good as against the evil. And that, in the estimation of the male voters of every one of those communities, has been far from a result likely to make woman's rights undesirable.

Probably California is showing most emphatically the trend of women voters, as it shows unmistakably their temper. The women there had learned well their lesson of organization. When, at the registration in Los Angeles, 82,546 women demanded their right to places on the rolls, it was obvious that something was going to happen at the municipal election to follow. There were 20,000 more men registered; but, at the election, 40,000 of the men failed to vote, while only 5 per cent of the women did not appear at the polls. Los Angeles gratefully admitted that the women saved the city.

The Woman's Progressive League there, keeping its machinery intact, has bestirred itself for a state-wide organization to secure the best candidates, initiate needed legislation and educate voters in the principles of government. This looks mightily like the familiar and overmastering "balance of power" which can accomplish such remarkable results in practical politics.

There is now in existence in this country the National Association of Women Voters, composed of those resident in the half dozen states where women possess the ballot in its political entirety—California, Washington, Idaho, Utah, Colorado and Wyoming. Its purpose is to aid women in other states to secure political status equal to its own members'.

PROGRESS IN NORWAY

Many of these almost startling advances were made in the United States with no more than the comments of curiosity on the part of millions of their sex in other sections of the country. How much less was the impress made by such a notable stage in the world progress of women as the entrance into the Norwegian storthing of Miss Anna Rogstad. Here was a woman, regularly elected to the congress of Norway, whose advent in that highest legislative body of the nation represents as huge an advance as if a woman were to be elected to our own congress at Washington, and seated there. She is known throughout Norway, known for years as a leader in educational pursuits; and her reception was probably more cordial, more sincerely friendly, than would have been accorded many a man with equal claims to distinction.

Her election to the storthing was for the duties of secondary, or substitute, member; but it was the election of the first woman member of congress, or parliament. She happened to be the alternate for General Brattle, who was president of the Norwegian parliament. His military office required him to resign. Miss Rogstad took his place, and every man rose and remained standing while she made her first speech, and then they showered her with bouquets. If the women of France had won as much as the women of Norway, they would probably go nearly mad with joy; and the suffragettes in England might become almost sane.

In Sweden, where they have long had every political right except that of votes for members of the parliament—just as they had in Norway, Denmark and Iceland—the government bill recently formulated accords to the women of the nation precisely the same franchise powers, parliament included, as are held by the men. Women, under the bill, become eligible to the national lawmaking body; and, in the case of sailors, soldiers, fishermen and others who are unavoidably absent from the polls on election day, their wives are allowed to cast their ballots for them, just as a husband, under circumstances of the wife's absence, is allowed to deposit her vote for her.

So here, in the Scandinavian countries, woman's rights have long been acknowledged—unmarried women and taxpaying widows have voted at city elections in Sweden for fifty years—and they are further along the road to complete enfranchisement than the women of the progressive United States. And even in Russia, popularly looked upon as the abode of pitiless despotism, there exists a League of Equal Rights, whose members have reached the stage of petitioning members of the duma for a bill enfranchising women there.

Holland is witnessing a succession of suffrage meetings, with rapid increases in membership of all suffrage leagues, while Belgium finds itself celebrating the twentieth anniversary of the establishment of its League for Women's Rights.

In far Australia, women are voting on precisely the same terms as the men; and pretty Miss Muriel Matters, who travels from her distant home to tell other countries of the plain and sensible way the women use the ballot there, has her power in lawmaking equal to any other "subject" in Australia over whom Great Britain exercises its power of sovereignty. It is the same in New Zealand, where Lady Ward, wife of the premier, can vote as well as her husband, who happens to be a recent convert, on his own account, to the principle of woman's suffrage.

France, for the present, is like Italy, in that it gives to its women only a small sop of political rights—lets them vote for the tribunal of commerce, as does Belgium. But France, in the persons of such gifted women as Mme. Marguerite Durand, Judith Gautier and a host of others, whose talents are respected as if they were men, is only beginning to respond to the universal summons. The women themselves are still doubtful whether they desire the ballot; and the men are in that frame of mind, half cynical and half indulgent, that leads them to say the women will get it whenever they want it.

The Frenchwomen who have declared themselves for suffrage are, however, quite as earnest, quite as insistent, as the Pankhursts and their partisans across the channel; but their Gallic tact, their ineffaceable femininity, has saved them from the window-smashing vivacity which leads to jail and male stubbornness.

Mme. Marguerite Durand, a Dashing Leader of the French Suffrage Movement

Mme. Judith Gautier, Among the Most Prominent of French Suffragists

Miss Anna Rogstad, in the Norwegian Storthing, the First Woman to Sit in a Modern Parliament

Lady Ward, Wife of the Premier of New Zealand, the Latter a Recent Convert to Woman Suffrage

Madame Durand, clever with her pen, eloquent of speech, altogether charming in appearance, is a candidate for the Paris legislative elections. She is asserting her right, as a citoyenne, to be a legislator, although France by no means concedes it. She heads a charming delegation to the Hall of Agriculture and finds Mons. Huart, the secretary of the interior, very gallant, but cruelly embarrassed. She refrains, tactfully, from rapping him on the right ear with a hammer; she merely caresses that organ, and its mate, with dulcet sound waves of speech, explaining that she wishes to make clear, in all courtesy, her position, which seems to be misunderstood. As a gallant man, with good ears—and good eyes—Mons. Huart finds it impossible to refuse. So Mme. Durand achieves the triumph of making a vigorous suffrage speech in the very heart of the enemy's camp.

Madame Gautier, looked to by thousands for brilliant commentaries on life and manners, devotes her potent pen to the propaganda, doing more damage to the amused opposition than the speakers, for it is she who is arousing all those women who, as yet, can't quite see that they have any real need for the ballot.

And with such leaders there are a whole corps of cool, calculating lieutenants who, without sacrificing a single stocking to a half brick and a shop window, manage to get as much publicity for their cause as if they went a-rioting. Dr. Madeleine Pelletier, president of the Solidarity of Women, conducts a personal campaign for election in the fifth arrondissement of Paris; Mme. Deville-Lenoir, the Solidarity's secretary, demands votes for herself in the seventeenth arrondissement; Mme. Kauffmann, of the Feminine League of Physical Culture, stands in the eighth; Mme. Hubertine Auclert, of the Society of Suffrage for Women, goes to the eleventh; Mme. Odde-Defiou, founder of the French Group of Students of Civil Law for Women; Mme. Jean Beibe, of the wing with the motto, "The women ought to vote who pay to maintain the laws," and a host of others appear, full-fledged candidates, who, while they may not be elected, are living examples of how women can vote if you'll let them.

Within the last year there have been two remarkable gains for suffrage, and in the last two countries of the world where any one expected them. China's new national assembly, apparently in the simple course of its plans to remake the empire into a republic equal to the most progressive of western nations, adopted a resolution affirming the principle of woman's equal right to the franchise with man. The necessary forms remained to be carried out; but the declaration of principles has been generally accepted as representing the new China's political opinions toward its female citizens.

In Portugal, one woman, alone, settled the whole subject; she drew the enormous prize of woman's rights with her own hands, like a fisherman hauling out a leviathan with the ease of a perch. She was Dr. Carolina Angelo, a widow. She enrolled herself as a voter. They took her bold case into the civil court of Lisbon. There she argued her claim so simply, yet so forcibly, that the court was constrained to give her its decision. In winning the ballot for herself—and it was the full franchise that she claimed—she won it for all other women in Portugal.

Iceland, too, added its name to the international roll of nations according women the full franchise rights; so that the march of the sex toward the ultimate goal, of lawmaking for the nations, shows practically northern Europe, except Russia, in the van. Even in Russia, where the demand for duma rights is being agitated, women are not entirely deprived of political power. Those who are householders possess the right of voting for members of the local councils, a privilege that is of the highest importance in a country where local authority can be made to carry serious weight.

When one remembers that in Great Britain, where despair so stridently mocks suffragette hopes, the women have had the right to vote at municipal elections for nearly five years, as they can in Ireland and Canada, the cause gives proof of strides too immense to be understood in any single aspect.

England really has no need to view with horror the spectacle of a woman voting anywhere for anybody, when it lets them run its towns with all the authority of executives. At Aldeburgh, the father, brother and husband of Dr. Elizabeth Anderson has each been mayor in turn; when she became eligible, she promptly demanded the office of the voters, and got it. In the county of Sussex, Sir John Bethel, of Wenstead, decided to stand for parliament instead of remaining mayor of a couple of small towns in his neighborhood. He no sooner relinquished the post than Lady Bethel became a candidate, and she is now the mayor in his place.

This cause, for all its opposition, does seem to be progressing everywhere, in a marvelous medley of stages, some slowly and insensibly, others in enormous bounds. But, everywhere, it does advance.

The time may not be very far away when the world-wide republic of women will be something to seriously consider, not merely to dream about.

The Wine List of the "Pickwick Papers"

FOR those who love good cheer a study has been made of that most cheerful of tales, Dickens' "Pickwick Papers." To the millions of readers who have received from the genial Mr. Pickwick the general impression that England is a land flowing with milk, honey and nectars potent for good fellowship there has been only that and nothing more. But when statistics are applied, after the fashion of the implacable exciseman, one realizes that those were hard-headed days and nights, with none of your twentieth century mornings after, katzenjammers and general anguish of body and soul.

These statistics have been compiled from the immortal papers by Robert Summers, of 4939 Larchwood avenue, Philadelphia, in a spirit as friendly as Mr. Pickwick himself could ask.

"WHEN the great novelist," Mr. Summers remarks, in preface to his figures, "sent his four tourists on their never-to-be-forgotten peregrinations, he never failed to provide for them an abundance of good cheer. There was no lack of breakfasts, luncheons, dinners, suppers, banquets, snacks and feasts, and, in fact, all sorts of eating, in all sorts of places and on all sorts of occasions. At none of these did the supply of drinkables ever fail to keep pace with the prodigality of the viands.

"It is the purpose of the present writer to here set forth, chapter by chapter, each paragraph wherein drinking and drinks are mentioned, and to point out at the end of each chapter just how many times such things were referred to, and to make a recapitulation showing just how many times drinks were partaken of and what sort of drinks were used.

"It is not the purpose of this account to condemn the habit of conviviality or to draw a terrible example; for notwithstanding the astonishing lot of tippling that occurred in this book, the tipplers were by no means drunkards or vagabonds. They were quite the reverse, which almost proves that the quality of the things drinkable during those times was far purer and more healthful than the wet goods served to the guileless and unsuspecting public of these cultured days, when beer is made from old canvas and corn syrup; ale from reed seeds; port wine from logwood, and whisky from umbrella juice and fine-cut tobacco. No, we feel sure that our convivial friends never partook of sheep-dip, pine-top, third-rail or calcium light; but what they did drink was honest stuff, and in the main did more good than harm.

"It is almost a foregone conclusion that the most severe critic would hardly call the kindly and genial Mr. Pickwick a drunkard, or couple the name of the gentle poet, Snodgrass, with excessive drinking. Who would think of classing among the fearful examples of intemperance the gallant Nimrod, Winkle? And as to linking such bad habits of overindulgence with the person of that beau, that warm devotee and admirer of the gentler sex, Tracy Tupman—! But cease, pause, stop, avaunt, silence! That were rank heresy.

"Even Sam Weller, Job Trotter and Dismal Jemmy were not drunkards. Jingle himself, who certainly did consume a vast quantity, proved so well seasoned a vessel that he also cannot be called a drunkard. So let it be understood that I am not accusing any of these highly amusing, singularly comic, intensely lovable, kind, benevolent and liberal Pickwickians of "immoderation."

The opening chapter, which treats merely of the meeting of the club, makes no mention of drink at all. But the second makes up for it, Mr. Summers finds; 17 times is the record, brandy, ale, negus and wine included. Mr. Jingle even said the negus was too strong and suggested lemonade; Mr. Tupman was really drunk, and the gallant Winkle made no bones about admitting that he also was drunk. Mr. Pickwick, too, had a hankering for soda water the morning after. Mr. Summers adds the interesting detail that negus, made of wine, water, sugar and spice, was named for its inventor, Sir Francis Negus, who was very fond of it.

Chapter III introduces the dismal man and his tale of the Stroller. It adds half a dozen drinking incidents to the list, but mentions no new tipple. But the fourth chapter, full of jovial people, pleasant things to eat and mellow wine to drink—for wine alone is taken here—adds 11 times for the cup that cheers, making an average, for four chapters, of 8½ times per chapter, or, having due regard for delay until Chapter II is getting under way, 11 1-3 per chapter where drinking is referred to.

The "truly delicious concoction," cherry brandy, is added to the list of potables in the course of the two references to drinking in Chapter V; and its successor is equally moderate, while it introduces that once popular stay and comfort, the home-made cordial. Both very moderate chapters, considering how dry auditors can get while listening to poems and stories, even though the poem be "The Ivy Green" and the tale that of "The Convict's Return."

Nothing but beer is added to the drink card in the next chapter; but there are four mentions of indulgence, and, as all hands joined in the pathetic national air, "We Won't Go Home Till Morning," they must have been feeling pretty good. It is so, too, with Chapter VIII, where drinking is touched on but thrice. But, as the commentator observes, it bids fair to be one of the most inebriate in the book; for all hands, Mr. Jingle alone excepted, are carried to bed as drunk as owls. Mr. Pickwick had quite a load on, for he committed a violence on his spectacles; and Mr. Winkle was evidently bloodthirsty, for he expressed regret at not having done for old Tupman. Port and claret entered on the scene, and the engagements with the bottle rose to 42.

TOM SMART'S EXPERIENCES

From Chapters IX to XIV the indulgences were few, only 10 in all. A couple of the chapters are examples of total abstinence; but Chapter XIII lets out the interesting trick of hocusing the brandy and water of a lot of unpolled voters, and Chapter XIV shows how our friend, Tom Smart, saw things at night after enjoying hot punch before the blaze of a roaring fire.

It is fit and proper, Mr. Summers finds, that the next chapter should contain but a single mention of drink; for the drink this time is champagne, "that king of wines, who, if not insulted by the company of more plebeian vintage, or the coarser spirits, or vulgar malt, will prove his royal nature and permit you to imbibe your fill, and never punish you."

Good cheer takes a jump in the sixteenth, with 8 rounds and the delectable perfumes of gin, hollands and spiced gin to breathe o'er the Pickwickian Eden and the Mulberry Man. Its successor adds only 3 occasions, with no new brand of grog, and Chapter XVIII is dry.

But they needed intervals. The very next instalment whoops things up 19 times, adds cold punch to the list and has Mr. Pickwick wheeled to the dog pound by order of high and mighty Captain Boldwig, whose house was a villa, whose lawn was grounds and whose wife's brother was a lieutenant.

With the twentieth chapter the drinking total rises to 96 and introduces stout, porter and seidlitz water, although this really does seem as if it were crowding the mourners of temperance for the benefit of the seidlitz powder man. However, these things may be a matter of conscience; in the next three chapters the reviewer notes "bad port" as an item some folks might care to classify as an addition, although he himself prefers to let it pass.

Meanwhile, the average of drinks per chapter has been steadily falling, until now it has reached the modest level of 4 apiece. Rum makes its debut in Chapter XXV, and pineapple rum follows, to the pleasuring of the Rev. Mr. Stiggins.

Elder wine, plain and with brandy and spice, and wassail aid in making Chapter XXVIII the banner one, with 25 drinks to prove it.

"'The Pickwick Papers,'" remarks Mr. Summers, recapitulating, after adding every new potation in its due order to his list, "contains fifty-seven chapters. In seven of these drink is not mentioned; in the other fifty, drink and drinking are mentioned 343 times, or an average of seven times for each chapter—that is, each wet chapter. Here is appended a list or drinking card, showing just what the good folks in 'The Pickwick Papers' had to drink; and outside of the liquid fire introduced by the goblin king, in the tale of the stolen sexton, there is not a headache in any on the list."

Well, that depends on the head. Readers can judge for themselves.

PICKWICKIAN WINE LIST

Brandy	a la Tout le Monde
Ale	a la Tout le Monde
Wine	a la Tout le Monde
Brandy and Water	a la Tout le Monde
Negus	a la Mrs. Budger
Lemonade	a la Jingle
Soda Water	a la Pickwick
Cherry Brandy	a la Emma
Cordial	a la The Clergyman's Wife
Beer	a la Muggleton
Port	a la Dumkins
Claret	a la Podder
Hot Punch	a la Tom Smart
Champagne	a la Mrs. Lee Hunter
Gin	a la Weller
Hot Gin	a la Job Trotter
Spiced Gin	a la Weller et Trotter
Cold Punch	a la Captain Boldwig
Seidlitz	a la Dodson and Fogg
Porter	a la Old Weller, the old 'un
Stout	
Double Stout	
Grog	a la The Magpie and Stump
Devonshire Cider	
Dantzic Spruce	
Bad Port	a la The Great White Horse
Rum	a la Grummer
Pineapple Rum	a la Rev. Mr. Stiggins
Elder Wine	
Elder Wine, Brandy and Spice	a la Dingley Dell
Wassail	
Best Wine	a la Wardle
Liquid Fire	a la The King of the Goblins
Strong Beer	a la Ben Allen
Dog's Nose	a la H. Walker, Tailor
Brandy and Water, Luke	a la The Blue Boar
Hot Porter	a la Ebenezer Temperance Association
Sherry	a la Justice Stareleigh
Cold Shrub	a la The Man in Blue
The Inwariable	a la The Old 'Un
Gin and Water Sweet	a la The Bath Footmen
Rum Punch	a la Bob Sawyer
Brandy and Soda	a la Winkle
Burnt Sherry	a la Smangle
Very Good Wine	a la Tracy Tupman
Strong Medicines of the same natur	a la Mrs. Weller, once Susan Clark
Wanity	
Vanity	a la The Fleet Prison
Warm Wanity	
Something Short	a la Isaac
Mixed Punch	a la The Bagman's Uncle
Bichop	a la The Landlord
Whisky Toddy	a la Scotch Breakfast
Old Crusted Port, at one and nine	a la Mrs. Bardell
East India Sherry, at fourteen pence	a la Mrs. Cluppins
Bottled Ale	a la Snodgrass
Madeira	a la En route to Bristol
Milk Punch	a la Late Nockemoff
Best Substitute for Milk Punch	a la Wayside Inn, Sun Parlor
Tea and Spirits	a la Ladies of Ebenezer Chapel
Drams	a la Solomon Pell and Coachmen
Old Sixty-four Claret	a la Wilkins-Flasher, Esq.

The list contains sixty-two different kinds of things to drink. It is possible from this list to compound most any kind of a drink now sold over a modern bar. Malt of all kinds is on the list.

"Here's to good malt, drink her down, drink her down."